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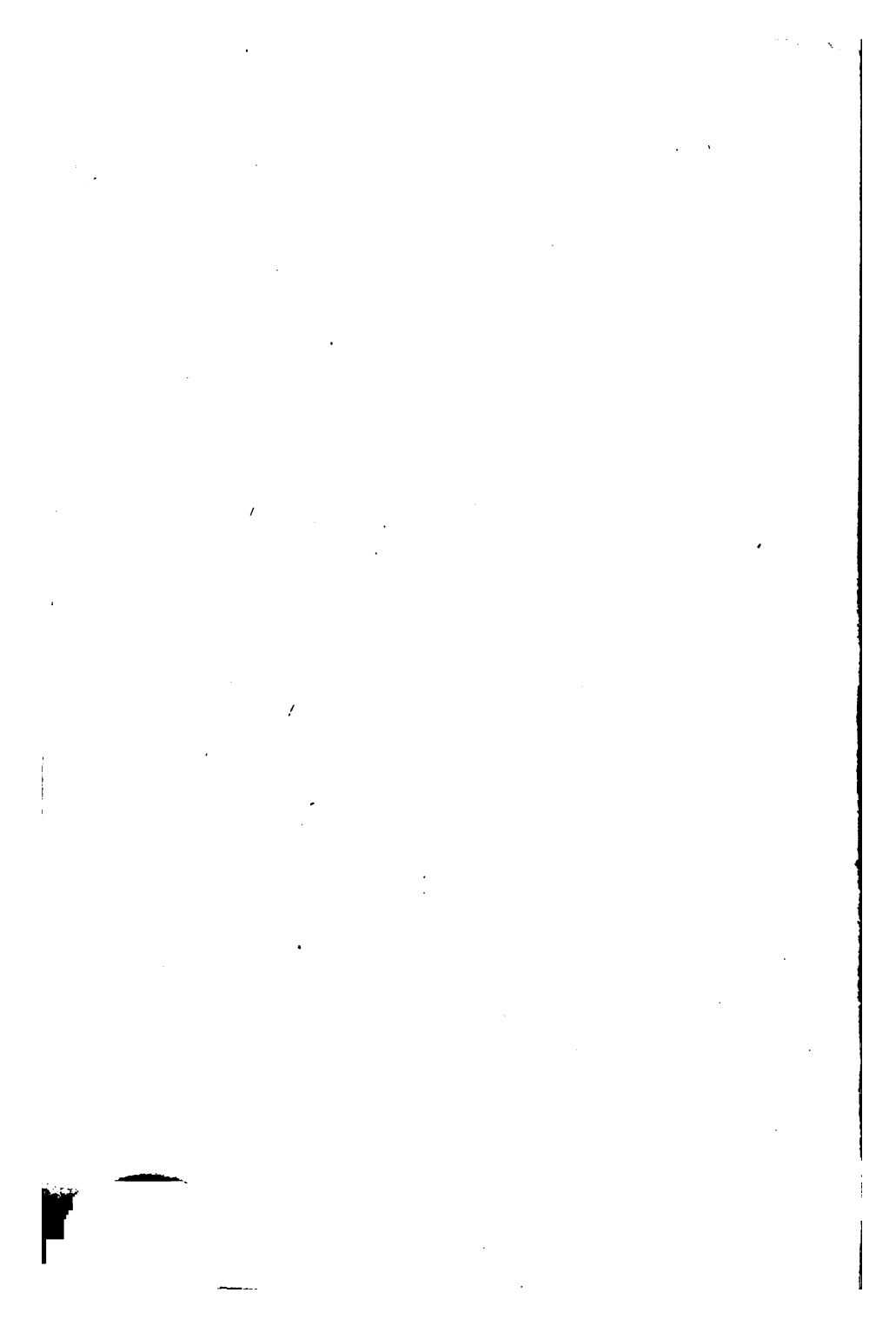
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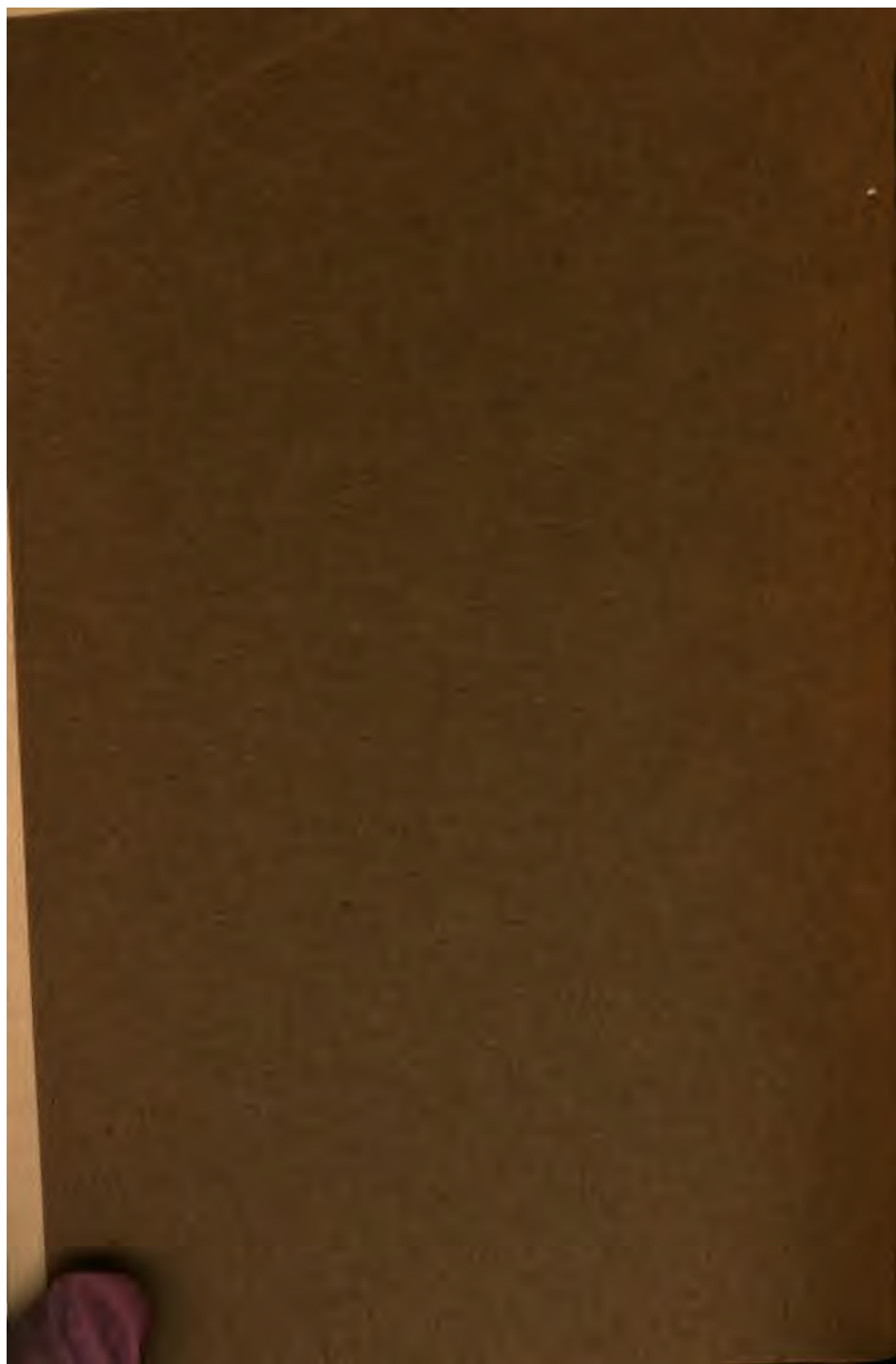
AMERICAN NIGHTS

By
WILLIAM KIMBERLY PALMER

and
ERNEST FANOS

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PUBLISHED BY
THE NEW ERA PUBLISHING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



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University of Michigan



*from
William Kimberly Palmer*

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PREFACE

This volume has been prepared at the request of The Publishers, and of various friends from time to time.

It is hoped that the verses and descriptions will prove not only interesting but of value to those who are solving the problems that have interested Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt and Martha Washington, Nancy Hanks, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe and the great souls of all ages and all climes.

The Authors

357017

*This volume is dedicated to the Young Crusaders, who
fought in the Great World Conflict for Liberty.*

The Authors.

THE FIVE MILLION.

I sing of the brave Five Million,
Who held the foe at bay ;
Of that mighty, cheerful legion,
Whose glory will ever stay.

They came from the lovely Southland,
From the North, the East, and West,
And their record, so superb and grand,
By all the earth is blest.

Ten thousands of them sleeping,
On Europe's shell-torn fields ;
But Time is ever keeping
Their story bright, that yields,

Inspiration for the Ages
To the Nations of the Earth !
And Memory turns the pages,
And gloats upon their worth.

Honor the brave Five Million,
In air, on land, and sea !
That splendid, mighty legion,
The Sons of Liberty !

American Nights

PART I

BY WILLIAM K. PALMER

OLD GLORY.

(At Fort Wadsworth.)

Beneath a stormy sky,
Upon the fortress' height,
I saw "Old Glory" fly
In all its beauty bright.
An emblem of the Peace
That fronts the darkest day,
With cheer that will not cease
To triumph o'er dismay!
Proud banner of the free!
Ne'er be thy colors stained!
Bright pledge of Liberty;
Through God, by freemen gained!

THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

They march, those sixty thousand,
Before us in review;
Americans from sunny Greece,
To God and justice true.

Some far away are sleeping,
 But their death was not in vain,
 And Victory whispers softly:
 "Thy glory shall not wane."

Amid the smoke of battle,
 While the clouds of sulphur lower,
 They fought to save the nations,
 From the rule of lust and power.
 Honor the sixty thousand,
 The living, and the dead,
 Part of that host on sea and land—
 By Christ, our Captain, lead.

THE IMMORTALS.

All honor to the Army
 And to the Navy, aye,
 Who, led by the Eternal,
 Went boldly to the fray.

The stars fought in their courses,
 The seas bestowed their aid;
 God bless those brave young heroes,
 Whose glory shall never fade.

Let Time their honor heighten,
 With fadeless, rare renown;
 As age to age shall brighten
 The glory of their crown.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND.

O, the Red Race have a friend
 In the White House of our Land,
 Who is proud of her Pocahontas blood;
 She will bring them o'er the flood
 To the goal that God hath planned,
 Whose Wisdom doth our human thoughts transcend.

ON CONGRESS STREET.

On Congress street
 The Service Flags,
 At least, I think, a score,
 Seem to hang beside each door.
 Some of the lads came back no more!
 To Congress street.
 On Congress street
 The children play;
 The sun shines bright and warm today;
 And charming memories, they stay,
 Of young, and old, and friends, always,
 On Congress street.

WASHINGTON.

Chief of the Heroes, he who wisely planned,
 For all the tests that Time shall surely bring;
 The winds and snows of Valley Forge could sting,
 But not dismay, this Leader of our land;
 So shall he ever to our children stand,
 Wiser than sage, and greater than a King,

Who cheerful through the storm came triumphing,
 As one who could himself, and all command.
 Surely Jehovah did this man ordain
 To teach our sires the love of liberty;
 And through dark days the victory to gain,
 Calm and unbaffled by adversity.
 So shall the world to time's remotest days,
 His courage, honor and achievements praise.

"THE Y D".

(In Boston April 25th 1919.)

Lo, All the city throbs with pride,
 The Twenty Sixth parades to-day!
 Ere to their homes they turn aside,
 They march with bands and banners gay.
 Yet some in France and Flanders sleep,
 Whom old and young in Memory keep;
 How well they did their work, we know;
 Likewise—their now crestfallen foe.
 The bronze will tell their doings bold
 And to posterity unfold
 Their valor, manliness, and worth
 To all that dwell upon the Earth.
 Well may the nation bring to-day
 Its mead of praise, and garlands gay;
 And girls and boys, and all acclaim,
 Their bright—imperishable fame.

IRELAND.

O Land of poesy and song,
 Of wit, of music, and of mirth,
 The greenest isle in all the earth,
 May Father Time remove each wrong,

And give thee centuries of peace,
 Whose annals rival ancient Greece;
 May aye the shamrock and the rose,
 In fair luxuriance abound,
 And free from sorrow and from woes,
 Live on, immortal and renowned.

THE HORNS OF SPRINGFIELD.

I hear the Horns of Springfield,
 As they sound the hour of One,
 On the afternoon, July seventeen,
 For, the noontime rest is done.
 The wheels again begin to turn
 I hear the Factory's din;
 And we may well a lesson learn,
 From what we see within.
 Over a thousand toilers there;
 And each one on the job,
 All working to a common end,
 And not one shirk, or snob.
 Bless the toiler, the honest in mind,
 Who preaches the Gospel of Work, to Mankind!

NEW ORLEANS.

In New Orleans,
 The creole leans
 Against the rail, and reads
 Of General Jackson's mighty deeds;
 Where the Statue stands, and gleams,
 The story of that famous day,
 When the hero, and his men won fame,
 That on Time's honored page will stay,
 While the stars on high shall flame,

THE URCHIN.

He was the problem of the hour,
When scarcely in his teens,
 With his freckled face,
 And his boyish grace,
That lad of neighbor Greens.
He climbed our pear-trees oft at nights,
Altho' he knew it was not right,
So deuced smart, and sly, and bright,
That lad just in his teens.
His name is Joe, as I've been told,
And his Grand pop thinks he's good as gold;
And laughing, oft both sides will hold,
At Joe's pranks, down at Greens.
For Grandpop was just that kind of a lad,
 Some forty years ago;
And oft he did reminisce,
With his grandson, Freckled Joe.
 For Boys are Boys,
And there are all kinds,
On our winding, lovely street;
Then comes a day
And they change their minds.
Law me! how our pulses high did beat,
As we read that Joe was cited great,
For, that famous day at Chateau-Thierry,
Joe lost an arm on that day of Fate,
And so many crossed,
 Death's Ferry!
Now Joe is home again at Greens,
And him our Nance not scorning,
For they will wed 'ere winter's snows,
Her cheeks, they give the warning!

SCOTLAND.

The Scotch, they are a canny folk,
 And not above a wholesome joke;
 Where'er they go they make their way,
 And build as if they mean to stay.
 Their influence is just immense,
 They finish what they do commence.
 Here's to Old Scotia over the sea,
 Whose hills are shrines of Liberty!

AUNT HATTIE'S BANJO.

When Aunt Hattie played on the Banjo
 In Illinois, long, long ago
 And sang of the good Nicodemus
 Then we all did share in his woe.
 My good Father's eyes were flooded—
 And I heard his deep drawn sigh,
 As Aunt Hattie played the Banjo
 And every one there did cry—
 "He was counted as part of the Salt of the Earth"
 I still hear that Banjo's refrain—
 As we heard of that Slave of African birth
 I can see that fine group once again.
 Aunt Hattie her Banjo should have up on high
 Where she and that group must have gone,
 For it had the magic of yonder blue sky
 And her voice was enchanting in tone.

BUSHNELL PARK.

The Capitol is like a dream most bright!
 Its dome reflects the rising sun,
 And then again, when day is done,
 It seems to say "Good Night".

The stately trees their shadows throw,
 The song birds gather there:
 And beds of pansies, gleam and glow,
 And scent the evening air.

Knowlton and Putnam guard the scene,
 And Hale within the Hall;
 These Heroes names are ever green;
 And Victory throned o'er all.

It is a place where lovers meet,
 Of romance, reverie, rest;
 It is a rendezvous, retreat,
 For those we aye love best!

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The City of the Golden Gate
 Looks westward on the sea;
 And in its harbor, ships of state
 At anchorage there be.
 Some day these argosies will steer
 Far out into the west,
 In search of all that man holds dear,
 To the Islands of the Blest!

ATLANTIS.

Atlantis sank beneath the seas,
 So legendary lore doth say,
 And yet from that Hesperides,
 We, inspiration, get to-day.
 For nought in Nature goes to waste,
 And Wisdom ever teaches still,
 'Tis better to be clean and chaste
 As Greeks, than of an idle will.

And though that continent no more
 Is seen above the deep blue sea,
 They found somewhere a fairer shore.
 That leads to Infinity!
 Perchance some day that vanished clime
 Will rise above the surge, sublime.

ON THE PLAINS.

Once a Cow Boy in the West,
 Ere "Our Teddy" met the test;
 And I did my very best,
 In those days.

At Caldwell oft I branded,
 With the lads rough and well sanded,
 And the lasso oft I landed,
 On the Steers.

And at Dodge in 1880,
 Was the Marshal—Jones or Beatty?
 He was every ready Matey,
 For a fray.

And his Colt, he ever carried
 On his hip, and never tarried,
 When the deuced Gamblers harried
 On that day.

Those were days of cattle herding,
 When the Rider was a girding
 On his belt, and his lingo had a wording
 Brief, complete.

Days of Romance, gone forever,
 Of "The Round Up" and the clever
 And strenuous endeavor,
 Just to beat.

Major Drumm with countless yearlings,
 And the ranch so near to Dearings,
 The Mexican with his earrings
 Bright and gay.

O the charm of the Wild Prairie
 And though luck might be contrary;
 Living with the Cow Boys wary
 Was the way.

Gone the Days of Trail and Romance
 And the boundless Game of Chance
 But I hear them sing and dance
 On the Plain.

And at Coman's 'neath the rafter
 Were good cheer and smiles and laughter.
 May they have a fine Hereafter
 Ne'er to wane.

MORNING GLORY FARM.

Have you been at Morning Glory Farm
 On the edge of Arcady?
 Where song sparrow sings with endless charm
 And robins roam the lea;
 Where elms and locusts rear their boughs
 Towards the azure overhead,
 And the starlings, and the blackbirds rouse
 The roses bright and red;
 Where Nature looketh on the scene
 In a trance of calm delight,
 And every clover, fresh and green,
 Adds beauty to the sight?
 Here Wordsworth had been glad to stay,
 And Goldsmith been beguiled;
 Sad Edgar Poe forgot his woe,
 While Whitcomb Riley smiled.

TO BABY FRITZ.

Thou tiny sprite of merriment,
Cajoling Father Time,
Until the hours on mischief bent
Have dulled his scythe sublime.
Using Time's Hour glass for thy toy,
And pulling his beard and hair,
Thou art a most audacious boy
And as blithe as thou art fair.
Surely this good old gentleman
Forgets his busy round,
Won by thy winsome little plan
To cheer his plight profound.
Wiser art thou than Solomon,
To make a truce with Time,
So shall thy years, my blue-eyed son;
Flow smoother than this rhyme.

SERGEANT YORKE.

There is Sergeant Yorke of Tennessee
Who didn't want to fight,
But when he sailed in,
"Why did he begin?"
The Germans said in their fright.
So Yorke, he got citations great,
And then he went back to his native state
And settled down with his mother and wife
To that good old-fashioned mountain life.
The legislature of Tennessee
Made Yorke a colonel while time shall be,
Now here's a man his neighbors like,

Never afraid for Truth to strike.
 A lover of home and peace alway
 And afraid of nothing that comes his way.

FATHER TIME.

When Time shall try his quirt on thee,
 And on thy arms his blows shall fall,
 Know that he sees infirmity
 That he would end at once for all.
 Then shrink not from the blows of Time,
 Nor think his buffetings unkind;
 How wondrous are the Works sublime,
 Of Homer and Milton blind!

CORONADO IN KANSAS.

Centuries since the swarthy Spaniard
 O'er these rolling plains did rove;
 Searching for the golden treasures,
 Rumored hid by stream and grove.

Vain his quest of gold and silver,
 Disappointed, back he drew;
 Shrunk his valiant, mighty legion,
 To a footsore, famished crew.

But where once he vainly wandered,
 Baffled by mirage and heat;
 Stand today the bustling cities,
 And the fields of maize and wheat.

For the Genius of the Prairie
 Did not like this Suitor Grim,
 And her rare and splendid dower
 Hid most skillfully from him.

Long years, after, when the Saxon,
Seeking Freedom and a Home,
Gladly moored his prairie schooner,
On this rolling crest of loam.

Then Dame Nature, half relenting,
Spilled the long with-holden rain ;
And she decked the plain with flowers,
While he harvested his grain.


Where the antelope and bison
Had for ages roamed at will,
Soon the church, the shop, and schoolhouse
Rose as by magician's skill.

For the pioneer, so stalwart
Did the wilderness reclaim ;
And this Commonwealth so mighty
Doth commemorate his aim.

Long since mouldered Coronado,
And his followers, to dust ;
Now his name is but a legend,
And his keen sword, naught but rust.

Oftentimes I see the phantoms
Of his booty-seeking band,
When the twilight throws its shadows
Over leagues of level land.

Till the whistle of the night train
Thundering westward thro' the gloom,
Puts to flight the Spectral Spaniard,
And reverberates his doom.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Hushed is that voice of honest tone;
 At rest that valiant, gentle heart,
 Who dared to take the Alien's part,
 And claimed all brothers as his own!
 No narrow bonds of Creed or Race,
 No trifier he, with Time or Fate;
 He thought and fought while others wait,—
 To see what side should Victory grace.
 No fair dissembler e'er was he;
 No slacker in the field or hall;
 A nature of nobility,
 And ready at his country's call.
 O Statesman! Patriot! Hero, thou!
 With immortelle, we crown thy brow.

SCHWAB.

Schooled in the Tasks of Time,
 Clear-eyed and vigorous,
 He was the man for us
 When came the call sublime;
 And so shall he honored be
 By grateful Posterity!

THE LOST BATTALION.

Have you heard of the Lost Battalion?
 In that fiery, wooded slope
 With the Devil on his stallion,
 And the Huns, they had to cope.
 Five days without their rations,
 And not a drop to drink;
 In their fight to save the Nations
 From reaching chaos' brink.


The air was full of sulphur,
 The clouds of conflict rolled,
 From the dying there, no murmur;
 "With God's help, this place we'll hold."
 At last they were discovered;
 An Irishman brought the word,
 And the Living were recovered,
 While all Mankind was stirred.
 Wreaths for the Lost Battalion,
 For it shall e'er honored be,
 In every land and nation
 For its grit, and gallantry.

FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

Leaping and dashing down on its way,
 Breaking in foam, and glancing in spray,
 Runs the Passaic into the sea.
 Sharp are the rocks that its current doth bar,
 Deep are its pools that mirror each star,
 And tireless its tide as it onrushes free.
 Thou, O my Soul! like this river must run,
 On to thy goal, till thy journey is done.
 Tireless and fearless, joyful and free,
 Shrink not, nor tarry, but onward for aye;
 The Voice of the Waters is calling away
 To the Realm where thy dreams shall realized be.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Brilliant, soulful Edgar Poe,
 Born in Boston, long ago,
 How your verse doth haunt the mind
 Unto whom Fate seemed unkind!



Yet we trust thy soul so sad,
 Hath by this time grown more glad;
 And on that mysterious shore
 Thou hast found the Lost Lenore.

MASTERY.

The tree that stands in the open,
 And wrestles with the Wind,
 Is a tree of strength and fiber
 That mocks the blasts unkind;
 And the soul that climbs to Heaven,
 Shall leave its faults behind.

DONIZETTI.

'Twas at the Broadway play-house,
 And the Pianist Masculine,
 Handled those piano keys
 In a manner mighty fine.
 And airs from "Lucia Di Lammermoor"
 Came floating through the air,
 And I blessed the great Donizetti
 For that melody so rare.
 The Composer long since vanished
 From this music-loving sphere,
 But his harmonies still haunt us,
 And the soul uplift and cheer;
 Such is the spell immortal,
 Of him, we all hold dear.

AT THE "Y."

Many an irksome hour had not
 They their welcome wide bestowed,
 All along the battle road,

And where smoke of conflicts blot
 All the landscape from the eye
 Of the men who fight and die,
 In that far off land of France!
 As we o'er Time's pages glance,
 Well we know and realize
 That such service never dies,
 But will live in the days to come
 When no longer beats the drum,
 Rousing men to War's alarm!
 May the victories of Peace
 Come to brighten future days;
 And may the Earth yield her increase,
 As the God of Heaven we praise!

HENRY T. McEWEN.

He was the friend of Roosevelt,
 When they waged war 'gainst crime;
 And still the woes of earth are felt
 By my friend, tall and sublime.
 And Opposition oft' doth melt,
 As he keeps step with Time.

THE CONNECTICUT.

This winding, mystic river,
 Where the Indians long ago
 With canoe, and oar, and quiver,
 Did watch its current flow.

 They saw the dawn of daybreak,
 And the crimson sunset fair,
 The river that drains the Mountain Lake,
 And the Valley of Legends rare.

Here the Indians dwelt for ages,
Hunting the bear and deer;
Ruled by their Chiefs and Sages,
While Connecticut ran clear.

The salmon they speared, and sturgeon,
By the stars their steps did guide;
But the dip of their oar is heard no more,
Though the river runs deep and wide.

Then the Pale Face came, and the Red Man
From the Valley did fade away;
And as the thriving towns you scan,
The river seems to say:

"O you, that have rowed on the Hudson,
And floated on the Rhine,
What think you of this Valley,
Where Mt. Tom looks down, benign?"

And thus we answer the river,
While to her, we softly say:
"The Greek and the Pole, the Croat and the Slav,
Have joined us, here to stay."

"Here the welfare of the people,
Is the problem of the hour;
And the bells from out each steeple,
Bring a message of Love and Power!"

"This peaceful Valley hath a charm,
For the folk from over the sea;
No tyrant can harass or harm,
In this Valley of Liberty."

They come from the Lands of Asia,
 From the Afric sands, we see,
 And every clime of Europe
 Hath here her progeny.

From each American Nation,
 Below the equator's line,
 And from all the wide Creation,
 To the land of Apple and Pine!

And Fate shall weld these elements,
 In the crucible of Time;
 For, what the Almighty doth commence,
 Hath a destiny sublime!

ENRICO CARUSO.

C lear, ringing voice that moveth young and old,
 A rt thou a part of that great harmony,
 R une of the stars, and of the tossing sea,
 U nder the depthless azure, we behold?
 S inging on Earth ere thou shalt take thy place
 O n some Olympian Height of Art and Grace.

CASTAIGNE.

Who hath a touch of Genius rare,
 And limns the Sky, the Sea, the Air,
 Whose work would charm away dull care,
 Castaigne!
 Whom Rembrandt would be glad to see,
 And Titian, quite as well as we,
 Who hath a noble nature free!
 Castaigne!

ITALY.

Upon the Height
 Thy Sons did fight,
 For Truth and Right.
 God gave them might!

An Age more bright,
 For thee in sight,
 And rare delight,
 By Day and Night.

SWITZERLAND.

Arnold von-Winkelreid led the band,
 That saved valiant Switzerland
 From the dreaded Austrian yoke;
 As for the Swiss a path he broke.
 He gave his life long years ago,
 And thus they overcame the foe.
 Echo the Alps his voice today,
 As when he led them in the fray!

GARABALDI!

This man by Heaven sent
 Fought on the Western Continent,
 Other folk to free,
 As well as Italy.
 Then in Europe he did fire
 The hearts of all his Countrymen
 With sword and pen,
 And ever them inspire.
 Then came a day of Victory,
 Whose fruits we see today;
 And Italy, fair Italy,
 United, free alway.

ARIZONA.

Arizona is a region
Where the winds are full of balm,
Land of Romance, Expectation,
Of Achievement crowned with palm;
Where the folk are ever friendly,
Where the skies are ever blue;
Arizona, may you prosper,
With your children, strong and true.

THE GREAT WORKMAN.

O Carpenter of Galilee,
The Architect of Time and Space,
Content to fill a 'prentice place,
And teach proud man Humility.

O Son of Mary and our Lord,
Thy labors put our ease to shame!
We bear Thy cross, we bear Thy name,
May we thrive in Thy word.

OPPORTUNITY.

If you cannot be a hero,
At the Marne or Bunker Hill,
You can always do your duty,
And in love, your pathway fill
With small acts of daily service,
Of fidelity and skill,
That the Over-Soul shall honor,
When this globe shall pass away,
And the dream of all the poets
Shall at length arrive to stay;
In the ages of Hereafter
Drawing nearer day by day.

GREECE.

Still the story of her Heroes
Thrill the hearts of all today,
And the splendor of their daring
Is a legacy alway.
And her seers and sages ever,
And her women of renown,
Are the World's and ours forever,
As their shrines with wreaths we crown.

THE OCCIDENT.

O the joy of the Western Hemisphere,
Where the farmer's son is the happy peer
Of the highest within the land.
Where the sailor and mechanic,
And the toiler in the mine,
May achieve some task titanic,
With a boundless fame benign.

THE ELEVEN.

Eleven youths were summoned
By the Voice that rules the sea,
From the tossing waves of Otis Pond,
To a land where they ever be
In the sunshine of His favor,
Who walked on Galilee;
If Death is but a portal,
To a land supremely fair,
Why shrinks the timid mortal
From that realm of beauty rare?
Where songs and strains of music
Are heard forever there?

O, that group of lads are singing,
 And wearing Palms of Light,
 And the bells of Heaven are ringing,
 Where dwells for aye—delight.
 They gather flowers unfading,
 New duties find to do,
 In the presence of the Master,
 Whom well on earth they knew.

A MEMORY.

When the wind blows off the ocean
 O'er the city La Rochelle,
 And the Mermaids leave the briny,
 To ring each phantom bell;
 When Neptune in his chariot,
 Comes riding o'er the sea,
 O think then of thy childhood,
 When afloat we used to be,
 On the Sound near Starin's Island,
 Fair as the Aegean Sea,
 And the band played "Hiawatha,"
 While the salt airs whistled free.

Though the pleasant days have vanished,
 Yet they left a shining track,
 And we can still hear the echoes,
 As to them we oft' look back.
 We can watch the great clouds gather,
 As they used to gather then;
 Sailing in the splendid azure,
 Bound for shores beyond our ken.
 So I send you, comrade, greeting,
 From this land of Elm and Pine;
 Hasten quickly here to join me
 Where the breezes blow benign.

SICILY.

Be kind unto my Friend, O Isle,
 Who loves thy beauty and thy smile,
 And ever charm him and beguile,
 Who tarries here.

His hours are well and wisely spent,
 He loves the bending firmament,
 With Sicily he is content,
 Whom I hold dear.

O Isle set in that swelling sea,
 His face is towards Eternity,
 This lover of humanity,
 Of music's sphere.

SERVIA.

How hast thou suffered in the past!
 No figures sum thy losses vast;
 Thou into War's vile vortex cast,
 And yet in God a Friend thou hast.

He yet shall give days of delight,
 Shall crush the hands that thee would smite.
 Trust thou in Him, in shade and light,
 For centuries wait thee, glad and bright.

VIOLET-CROWNED ATHENS.

In Athens stands the stately palm,
 The rare Acacias bloom;
 And underneath the skies so calm,
 The rose-hued Oleanders loom,
 While lovely pepper trees adorn
 This city on this dazzling morn.

What memories cling unto this scene,
 Of sage, and orator, and seer ;
 Of women beautiful, serene ;
 Of youth and childhood in this sphere,
 Where Gods and Demi-gods looked down
 Upon this reverential town.

Here great Athena had a shrine,
 Pentelicus and Hymettus guard
 This place, half human, half divine,
 Famed in the songs of many a bard.
 And still we feel that Destiny
 A Golden Age hath awaiting thee.

O Roses, scent this sacred air !
 O Breezes, from yon purple hills,
 Your odors waft to Islands fair !
 While every pleasant memory thrills
 The souls of all the true and free
 Who love this shrine of Liberty.

Thy olive groves, thy cypress trees,
 Lysicrates' chaste monument ;
 The Parthenon that rules the seas,
 Beneath the azure firmament.
 What countless legends haunt this place,
 Where Beauty is enthroned, and Grace.

PORTUGAL.

They come from Portugal to aid,
 The host against the Hun arrayed,
 And in the days to come, their songs
 Shall praise bestow, where praise belongs ;
 For not in vain the hero dies,
 Making the supreme sacrifice.

GOD BLESS NEW ENGLAND.

God bless New England and her pine-clad hills,
That stand in silence 'neath the wintry skies;
At thought of thee, her urn fair Memory fills
With recollections meet for Paradise.

Thy sainted dead that meekly lie at rest,
Waiting the dawn of Resurrection Day;
How all the ends of earth by them are blest,
Who knew the right to choose it, come what may.

The wives, the mothers, and the daughters fair,
No words can e'er portray the good they wrought,
Who lived and labored in this bracing air,
And all thy heroes, seers and sages taught.

Some deem thy manners rigid and uncouth,
But He, who did this grand plantation set
Hath countless shrines here consecrate to Truth,
And guards and blesses this New England yet.

O snow-girt Mount rearing thy summit high!
O River, gliding swiftly to the sea,
Echo the song whose strains should never die:
God bless New England to eternity.

HAIL VICTORIA!

Hail, worthy queen of England's mighty realm!
Give peace to those who will not doff the helm,
Or own thy sway. Thou warder of the seas
Crush not the freedom of such men as these,
Who love the Word, and bow to God alone.
So shall thy name, Victoria, honored be
In home of Boer and Briton, and thy throne
More firmly rest in all futurity;

To win the love of those who now oppose,
 To change to friends, thy most obdurate foes;
 Surely this task is in thy power to do,
 Thus honor God, and to thyself be true.
 Thus, Queen Victoria, all by love subdue.

THE CABIN.

"Uncle Tom" stands out in Memory,
 As a saint upon the earth,
 And with Little "Eva" sharing
 Much that Heaven thinks of worth;
 And that madcap "Topsy!"
 What a fountain-head of mirth!
 And the author, she has joined them,
 Where there is no dole nor dearth.

THE SAGE AND THE SUN.

Alexander said to Diogenes 'neath the blue,
 "What great gift can I give to you?"
 And the Philosopher of the Tub—
 As all the world that sage doth dub—
 Said: "Stand not twixt the sun and me,"
 And that is good philosophy.

The sage who simply lives austere
 Has naught of the Gods to ever fear,
 And can teach the greatest on this sphere.

ROLY-POLY.

Little Roly-Poly
 Lives in LaRochelle!
 Frisky as a squirrel,
 Vocal as a bell.

He's so optimistic,
That no one can frown
When they see this youngster
In his cap and gown.

Little Roly-Poly
Gets up with the sun,
And until his bedtime
He is king of fun.
Gray beards and spectacles,
Vaunt him as their chief;
Really as a Reign-Beau,
He's beyond belief.

ARMENIA.

Armenia, Armenia,
Our thoughts go out to Thee!
O Land so long by Moslem ruled,
Republic thou shalt be!
One of the Sisterhood of States,
In Federation bound,
And all the World shall lend a hand,
Armenia renowned!

Thy sorrows shall forgotten be,
The Almighty shall requite
Thy ages dark of agony,
And give thee peace and light!
Armenia, Armenia,
Our thoughts go out to Thee,
America hath sent her sons
To give thee Liberty!

THE MAIDEN.

There is a bust in the gallery
Of an Italian maid,
And Dorothea posed I am sure,
As a Princess there arrayed.
Some day I will show you the marble,
And you can let me know
The time you gave a sitting
In those days on the banks of the Po.
There is mirth on that gentle forehead,
And a smile on the face serene,
And there is your "tout ensemble"
My little Bethel queen.
You will live in that marble vision,
When the century hath flown;
For youth is featured there benign,
My Darling One—My Own.

MOUNTAIN PARK.

At Mountain Park the roses bloom,
The air is rich with sweet perfume,
And on this August afternoon,
The clouds as Argosies ride free
Upon the deep and azure sea,
And heaven and earth are both in tune.
The children roll upon the grass,
And the glad moments pass.
The orchestra afar we hear,
As playing in another sphere;
And as we sit, and muse, and dream,
Music doth reign serene, supreme.
The gardener, seated by my side,
Looks o'er the landscape, satisfied.

We hear the bumble bee's refrain,
 Far, far above the verdant plain;
 And on the breeze is borne along,
 The high and clear soprano song.
 Stretching afar towards fair Vermont,
 The farm, the forest, hill and dale;
 And soars the hawk o'er fen and fount,
 Above the fertile, peaceful vale.
 Bright beds of pink petunias smile,
 Nature doth here all folk beguile,
 Upon this peaceful, upland slope
 Where reign the three—Love, Life and Hope!

THE MINERS.

Delve deep! Delve deep!
 While your wives and children weep;
 Be content with rags and bread,
 And, shut in from sun and sky,
 Be content to delve and die!
 Delve deep! Delve deep!
 On your bent knees crawl and creep,
 Wondering whether, wondering whether,
 Soul and body'll keep together.
 Delve deep! Delve deep!
 Where the noisome gases leap!
 Where death stalks on every side
 In the dampness dark and drear,
 Work—inured to grief and fear.
 Delve deep! Delve deep!
 To God the wives and orphans weep;
 Each hungry and half-clad child,
 That cries to Heaven for redress,
 Touches the Soul of Tenderness.

Delve deep! Delve deep!
 The Almighty's not asleep;
 Though the rich thy wrongs forget,
 Though thine eyes with tears are wet,
 There's a friend who loves thee yet.

Delve deep! Delve deep!
 From each rocky slope and steep,
 Echo tidings from the sky,
 "Work and pray—day by day;
 I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Delve deep! Delve deep!
 Shall the State's foundations keep
 Firm, when good folk faint and starve?
 Grind the faces of the Poor,
 And God's wrath is swift and sure.

Delve deep! Delve deep!
 I tremble for the souls who keep
 No watchful eye upon their men;
 Who hasten not their wrongs to right,
 Nor make the miner's burden light.

A MOTHER OF A FALLEN HERO.

She gave her son for thee,
 Columbia!
 He comes not back from o'er the sea,
 He died for truth and Liberty,
 Columbia!

We never can repay our debt,
 Columbia!
 Unto this mother lone, and yet
 She should be shown we ne'er forget,
 Columbia!

Care for the mothers of the brave,
 Columbia!
 Who gave their all, our Land to save,
 Who died to humble tyrant knave,
 Columbia!

THE ALMIGHTY.

When the thrones of earth are shaking,
 And you know not what to do,
 Trust in God, nor e'er forsaking
 Him, who loves and cares for you.

He who cares for thrush and sparrow,
 For all life upon this sphere,
 Cares for all the Seed of Adam,
 And the poor to Him are dear.

He is the Almighty Ruler,
 And His Kingdom over all.
 They who build upon His promise,
 They shall never, never fall.

HAMPTON COURT.

At Hampton Court once lived Queen Anne,
 But roses fade, and queens must go.
 There's nothing permanent below,
 Since Life upon this World began,
 So e'er thy youth and vigor dies,
 Prepare, prepare for Paradise.

SANTA CLARA.

Clara Barton, with her wisdom,
And her insight of the need,
Cared for soldiers in the conflict,
Did assuage the wounds that bleed.
Then she founded a consummate
And world-wide society,
That will keep her memory vernal,
While the moon doth draw the sea.
And the cross she chose to blazon
On the Banner of that Guild,
On whose form in days long vanished,
The Redeemer's blood was spilled.
Santa Clara, Santa Clara,
Thou shalt ever honored be
By the World's remotest nations,
For thy love and charity.
And the Golden Age oncoming,
Shall raise many a shrine to thee.

THE POSTMAN.

Who comes to see us twice a day
Save Sundays and a Holiday?
It is the Postman in the gray.

May he live long to bear the mail,
And bring us news of what is done
Out on the sea where ships do sail,
And on the land we live upon.

The messages of love he bears,
Sometimes bad news he brings to me;
And yet he daily with us shares
What we are glad to know and see.

Go on thy worldly path until
Thy course is ended on this earth;
And He who ruleth Heaven, will
Remember all thy honest worth.

RICHARD KIRKLAND, HERO!

(December 13, 1862.)

When you name the gallant heroes
That Columbia has reared,
Remember Richard Kirkland,
To the Boys in Blue endeared.

A memory of wartime,
And Fredericksburg the field;
One of the rare events sublime,
Love on her leaf hath sealed.

On Mary's Heights, the Union Men
By hundreds, wounded lay;
Where the gallant Sykes had led them,
On cruel yesterday.

In vain their desperate valor,
For the grass was crimsoned now,
And the dews of death were gathering
On many a manly brow.

All night the cannon thundered,
And swept by shot and shell,
The space between the armies
Seemed the theatre of Hell.

And when the morning opened,
The storm but seemed to grow ;
While 'mid the noise of battle,
Were heard the cries of woe.

"O give us water, quickly!"
The Boys in Blue did call.
"For Christ's sake! Water! Water!"
But in vain their pleadings fall.

For the hoarse tones of the cannon
Spoke of conflict and of death,
And mercy seemed a mockery,
Whose envoy lingereth.

The sun had passed the noontide hour,
The voices weaker grew
Between Kershaw's entrenched brigade,
And Syke's Boys in Blue.

Till at last, one gallant soldier
Who wore the Southern gray,
Stood before his brave commander.
We must honor him away.

"General Kershaw, I can't stand it!"
Said the Sergeant, earnestly.
"What's the matter?" quoth his leader ;
Perplexed and puzzled, he.

"These poor souls have long been praying,
All night and day as well,
Let me go, and give them water,
They are dying where they fell."

"Do you know," the leader answered,
While his admiration grew,
"Soon as you leave the rampart,
They will shoot you through and through?"

"Yes, sir, but to carry water
To those men before they die
I am willing to run the risk, Sir,
If you say so, I will try."

Then Kershaw, hesitating,
Said: "I can't oppose you—go;
For the sake of it, God save you
From the firing of the foe."

Then outstepped the gallant Sergeant,
On that storm-swept battle slope,
With his full canteen of water,
And his face aglow with hope.

The suffering saw in that hero
A good Samaritan,
Who loved his northern neighbors more
Than his own life blood—this man.

He knelt by the nearest soldier,
And tenderly raised his head,
Giving a draught of water,
And gracious words he said.

Straightening the cramped and mangled limbs,
He doth pillows of knapsacks make,
Spreading blankets and army coats,
As a mother, for their sake.

* * *

The fire began to slacken,
 From the sulphurous Northern line,
 And wondering eyes from either side,
 Watched this messenger divine.

For over the darkest battlefield
 The divinity of love
 May hush the clamorous cannon peal,
 While she sends down her dove.

Two hours the fusilade of death
 Was hushed upon that height;
 Hatred forebore its blasting breath,
 In wonder at the sight.

Until his Christ-like work was done,
 The batteries silent stayed;
 And dim eyes looked their gratitude,
 Such mercy cannot fade.

Land of our love, let deeds like this
 Commemorated be!
 While over South and Northland homes
 The dear old Flag floats free.

CHATEAU THIERRY.

"I am very glad—yes, very;
 I was at Chateau Thierry."
 Said a Hero unto me.
 "For there I helped to save Páree!"

EDISON.

E lectricity waited for thee,
 D uring long cycles of delay,
 I mpatient that its power so free
 S tood idle till thou cam'st to stay.
 O n every sea beneath the sky,
 N eath every star, thy currents fly.

SOLACE.

If you cannot be a chemist
 At the Mellon Institute,
 You can view Mts. Tom and Holyoke,
 In fair Knowledge's true pursuit.
 You can watch the auroral flushing
 In these splendid nights of spring,
 When the evening stars are blushing
 And the tree-toads blithely sing.

NATHAN HALE.

Nathan Hale!
 While the clouds on high shall sail,
 Shall thy memory prevail—
 Nathan Hale!

While the stars grow red and pale,
 Never shall thy glory fail—
 Nathan Hale!

Nothing lost—Thou dost avail
 In the mountain top and vale—
 Nathan Hale!

Thou shalt ever, ever be
 As a Hero, grand and free,
 In this Land of Liberty!
 Nathan Hale!

LEAP YEAR.

'Twas Leap Year, January First in 1912
 At that gay party, down at Pete's;
 That Sal had me invited to,
 With the folks likewise at Deitz';

When Sal got me upon that floor
 And the fiddle began to play,
 "O Bob," she said, "it is Leap Year!
 And marry me you may.
 You can plow and reap for me, O Bob,
 And I'll make your apple pies."
 So I up and kissed her 'fore the crowd,
 Somewhat to their surprise.

The Parson jined us that day week,
 And he tied the knot secure;
 And there's two girls, likewise two boys,
 To prove my story's sure.
 And if you chance to pass our door,
 Drop in, and see the "Lively Four."

THE ENCOURAGERS.

Don't be a Tightwad or a Grouch,
 On this western Hemisphere;
 Join the band of the Encouragers,
 Whose deeds to the earth are dear.
 The Miser is a failure, great,
 The Profiteer is a fool,
 There is no brighter or finer state,
 Than the mood of the Golden Rule.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Harp of Erin now is mute,
 And silent now the pipe and lute;
 He once who in the West land did roam,
 Sleeps silent far beyond the foam.
 Yet still, the stars look down on thee,
 And Ireland, waiting to be free!

Is there some Champion on Earth,
 To free this land of honest worth?
 O wake, thou Harp in Tara's Halls,
 As Ireland to high Heaven calls!

MARY ANN.

O Mary, Mary Ann!
 She's just the girl for me!
 Fair and blithe as a fairy,
 The girl of Tennessee.
 Till the clock strikes 25,
 And dry is the deep blue sea,
 O Mary, Mary Ann!
 She's just the girl for me.

O Mary, Mary Ann!
 She can bake and she can sew;
 She can play and sing, and she can plan,
 And I am her only beau.
 My Mary, Mary Ann!
 She's no doll, or flirt, or shrew.
 "O when the moon is new," she said,
 "Then we'll wed, my Dan,"

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

Alsace-Lorraine, Alsace-Lorraine!
 Thou art a part of France again.
 Kingdoms may rise, and Kingdoms may wane,
 But Liberty for aye shall reign,
 Above each mountain and each plain,
 In beautiful Alsace-Lorraine.

So, all the Lands of Freedom send,
 Congratulations to this Friend ;
 And all the Earth rejoice with thee,
 In the triumph of thy People Free.
 Forever the Tri-color wave,
 Above thy beautiful and brave !

THE CURFEW OF CHICOPEE.

In my boyhood, in the sixties,
 In historic Chicopee,
 I heard each night the curfew bell,
 Ringing o'er dale and lea.
 And in Greenwich Village, later,
 The 'curfew at nine did say :
 "Go to your beds, O children,
 And rest for the coming day."
 While from the height of Mt. Morris,
 In that bright old Harlem town,
 The curfew rang, and the curfew rings,
 As Time looks kindly down.
 Again in the vale of Chicopee,
 The curfew bell I hear ;
 And its tones are just as cheerful,
 As when a boy, and as clear.
 "He giveth His beloved sleep,"
 The curfew seems to say ;
 "Go to thy bed, with God o'erhead,
 And rest till dawn of day !"

ETERNITY.

Still flows the Hudson to the sea,
 And stand the Highlands, green and fair ;
 So steer thy Argosy and dare
 The fathomless Eternity !

WILLIAM OF GRISWOLD.

The Friend of Lincoln in the West;
 A Brother to Mankind alway,
 And looking for the Golden Day,
 He did his best, and earned his rest.

PATRAS.

Gateway to Greece!
 The Garden of the Gods;
 Empires may cease,
 But thou, 'gainst great odds,
 Art still the harbor
 Where the Muses find
 Rest and an arbor,
 And contented mind:
 Thou lookest on Missolonghi,
 Where great Byron sank to rest;
 And thy children reverence Liberty
 And with courage meet each test;
 Thou dost challenge the coming ages,
 As their argosies come in sight,
 And dost turn the opening pages,
 Of the Future, grand and bright.

"WHY CHASE THE PHANTOM?"

Thus spoke the good, gray-headed man,
 To his flock on that Kansas Plain;
 And across the intervening years,
 I still hear that refrain,
 "Why chase the Phantom?"

The folk of the present strenuous age,
 Over this saying, may ponder well ;
 Who are bent on wealth, or pleasure gay,
 It sounds as clear as the kind Church Bell :
 "Why chase the Phantom?"

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

In a log cabin in Hoosierland,
 An earnest youth oft hours beguiled,
 Reading of Sinbad, sailor wild,
 And "The Forty Thieves" that cruel band.
 Thus A. Lincoln read of Aladdin
 And his wondrous Slave and Lamp!
 About the time the night dew's damp,
 And nightfall with its firesides gladden.
 A thousand and one nights of pleasure,
 Did Scherazade give her lord,
 Who heard her tales, and kept his word ;
 And this young Pioneer in his leisure,
 The Orient's joys and life did share,
 In the wild Prairie Forest air.

RUSSIA.

How great thy loss and sacrifice !
 Is there some Washington to rise
 To be a Father to that Land,
 We here so little understand?
 May no wild orgy dark of crime,
 No longer blot thy Land Sublime.
 Look thou to Heaven for Strength and aid
 Nor let the Earth's compassion fade.

HOOSIERLAND.

Only Her children understand
The joys and charms of Hoosierland ;
The rare, rapt charm of loveliness,
The peace that knows no angry stress,
The rural pleasure bright and gay,
That pass not with the years away ;
The unaffected welcome, where
One really breathes the native air.
No molestation of the weak,
The general good the public seek ;
The hive of industry is here,
Mingled with laughter, all the year ;
The zest of cheerfulness doth charm,
The strenuous work of town and farm.
Why should the happy Hoosier chase
In search of other resting place,
When Wisdom cries, "Be happy here,
Where hope doth reign, unknown of fear."

UNCLE NED'S ADVICE.

"Don't be a perpetual candidate,"
My uncle said to Joe.
"And do not be afraid to wait,
Give the other man a show.
Had Napoleon been less ambitious,
And out of Russia kept,
His luck had been less fictitious,
Nor he at St. Helena wept."
There's a grain of truth in what he said
To Joe, many years ago,
And that saying still clings to Uncle Ned :
"Give the other man a show."

OUR HEROES.**(Memorial Day, 1890.)**

On many a Southern slope they sleep,
Our Boys in Blue and Gray;
Over their graves the grasses creep,
And the myrtle's mystic spray.

Dear unto us each Hero's name,
As Memory weaves her spell;
But fairer than the wreath of fame
Our fadeless immortelle.

The bugle call no more is heard
At early break of day,
But blithely sings the Mocking Bird
His clear-toned reveille.

The Seasons in procession glide—
They wait the trump on high,
When Heaven its gates shall open wide,
Who dared for Truth to die.

THE OVER-SOUL.

Nothing by him create
Doth God hate;
He abhorreth evil,
Yet slayeth not the devil.
A mystery is this to those
Who would annihilate their foes!

THE MARTYRS OF LIBERTY.

Women and Men of many a clime and race,
Whose deeds of glory, Time will never erase—
Thou hast in Heaven, a sure abiding place.

And children, likewise, with the sainted dead,
Who like their forbears, lived, and died, and bled;
They shall abide, when Wrong is vanquished.

Great Socrates! a Soul of matchless worth!
Joan of Arc! the maid of humble birth,
And such as they—superior to Earth.

Lincoln who lived to lift the World up higher,
Edith Cavell, whom Heaven did inspire,
And unknown Souls, of that Immortal Choir.

Not always does the rack or fire await
The Martyrs of true Liberty so great;
Sometimes they plod and toil for years, disconsolate.

Although no aureole on Earth, their brows adorn,
Yet in the Hereafter, they shall find a Morn
That shall repay for aye, the Hours of Time forlorn.

THE STAR OF GOLD.

One star upon her sleeve, of gold
The story told.
For, far he sleeps, beyond the sea,
Her son, who died for you, and me,
And Liberty!

Her face was pale, and wet with tears ;
 Alone for years !
 She faces future days of care ;
 And no one now with her to share,
 Such her despair.

Let us these mothers ne'er neglect
 Who walk erect,
 With sacred sorrow on their brows—
 Whose sons no reveilles arouse
 From Death's dark house.

SAPPHO.

Famed in song, and famed in story,
 Ever Greece, thy pride and glory ;
 As the ages sweep along,
 Is this Queen Supreme of song !
 Still celestial, charm she bears,
 And true Womanhood still shares,
 As Time's bright, consummate crown,
 Her august and rare renown !

SARCASM.

This is a gift to be sparingly used ;
 Is sarcasm ;
 Too often by brilliant folks abused,
 A chasm
 It brings that you never can bridge ;
 For, it lasts as long as the Great Blue Ridge !
 So youth ! Beware of sarcasm.

CELIA.

I remember you, O Lass
And your Sire!
Time and Tide swiftly pass,
And desire.

"Let us make a truce with Time"
Debonair;
Glad years full four score and more
Be thy share.

Kind Memory evermore
To our best
Brings a halo, bright, sublime,
That dost rest

On the lovely, noble brows
Of our friends!
They our fortitude arouse,
Till Time ends.

And inspire us to our goals,
Shining souls,
And to courage that controls,
While Time rolls!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

O Gilder!
You're the builder
Of many a stirring rhyme;
Your tombstone
Will crumble down;

Your lines will outlast Time!
 Voice of power,
 O such the dower
 That Nature grants to thee!
 Scorning gold
 You gain a hold
 On the Ages that shall be.

WHEN ALICE PLAYS.

When Alice plays the Violin
 Then woodland elves their songs begin,
 And echoes of the days of eld
 Float down the strings by Alice held.
 When Alice plays the violin
 And with deft touch doth move the bow,
 She fills the air with merry din,
 And summons back the "long ago".
 Then faces vanished long, return,
 And childhood's voices we discern.
 The scenes and songs of Arcady
 Come back as from Eternity.
 Our eyes are filled with sudden tears,
 Our souls are thrilled for coming years,
 And rapt in reverie we roam
 Afar in Lands beyond the foam.

CORPORAL KING.

A soldier came limping down the street
 With a "Maple Leaf" upon his breast
 He had helped the Teuton hordes defeat
 Was of "Canada's very best."

We talked of the far off Flanders field,
 Of the fighting done in France,
 Of the Valiant boys who their lives did yield
 Our Freedom to enhance.
 Then he went quietly on his way,
 The King that would stand no kaiser's sway!
 May time good fortune to you bring
 O modest, manly Corporal King.

WHEN BILL SPELLED DOWN THE SCHOOL.

"Next Friday" said the teacher,
 "We'll have a spelling Bee;
 And I'll give Longfellow's Poems,
 To the him, or to the she,
 Who spells the whole school down,
 And does the thing up brown."
 That Friday afternoon, we all
 Lined up, upon that school house floor,
 Some thirty boys and girls, or more.
 Sal tumbled down on "frigid"
 Tom's "goose" had but one O
 And Joe, he just got rigid,
 As "watermillion" he spelt slow;
 And Lucy Bates, she failed on "weights"
 While Hiram, quite forgot,
 Whether one t or two, occurred in skates.
 There was glee, and there was laughter,
 When Bill's sweetheart, Nellie Jones,
 Failed on the word "Sweet William"
 In very somber tones;
 But Bill kept his station
 And Bill spelled down the line.

On that adjective, so simple
 It was that simple word "Benign."
 But when Bill Pool, went home from school,
 With pretty Nellie Jones,
 I heard him say to her, in very pleasant tones;
 "I'll lend this Longfellow to you, my dear,
 I won to-day at school,
 Until the Day that I can call, you,
 Mrs. William Pool.

CHICAGO.

O Queen of the Unsalted Seas!
 Upon the verge of blue
 What is thy Destiny? Not Ease!
 But work for the World to do.
 Not numbers nor riches make thee great,
 But the spirit, that doth dominate,
 Thy folk who face the tasks of Time,
 With energy and will sublime!

THE DEAD.

Where they fell let them lie,
 Neath the Immemorial Sky;
 Who were glad for Truth to die
 Where they sleep let them lie.

DORIS.

Little Doris gathered violets
 In that vale so passing fair,
 She has vanished from that valley,
 Young, and beautiful, and rare,
 Full of smiles, and songs, and laughter,

To the realm of the hereafter.
 When the robin comes in spring-time,
 And the oriole is here;
 Then song sparrow tells them cheerly,
 "She is in another sphere",
 When the dew falls in the evening,
 When the stars come out on high,
 We shall list for Doris singing,
 As a lark in days gone by.
 Gentle Doris! Lovely Doris!
 And the Zephyrs will reply;
 "She has reached that joyous region,
 Yet unseen by mortal eye".

THE VIOL.

When Reuben Goodman drew the bow,
 The viol filled the air with tone,
 That roused the memories sublime,
 Of Youth's bright kingdom long ago;
 Too beautiful to last, and flown
 Unto the furthest shores of Time.
 When Reuben Goodman played, the choir,
 Felt its keen thrill of pleasure deep,
 And sang with inspiration strong,
 Catching the fervor of his fire;
 His music, memory long shall keep
 Though he has joined the sainted throng.

THE MUSICIAN.

When Clifford touched the silent keys,
 They woke to music fine and rare,
 And dreams of an Hesperides
 Were trembling in the evening air.

From some far coast beyond our ken,
 These tones come floating to our ears,
 And we think now as we thought then,
 They chorded with the choiring spheres.
 O Music! all the Muses list
 When one who loves thee doth translate
 The harmony. And winds are whist
 To hear the theme from Heaven's gate.
 So live the echoes of a song
 Within the memories of one
 Who will through endless time prolong
 Its beauty, from the Great Vault won.

WANG JUNIOR.

(1919)

O Wang is the Mascot clever
 At Tuft's of class Nineteen!
 Whose Sire and Dam, in China born,
 Love Massachusetts keen.
 For here was born the youngster
 That the Class at Tuft's adopt
 To be their Mascot ever
 As their fields by Time are cropped.
 Be this a happy omen
 Of that bright auspicious day,
 When Orient and Occident,
 In bonds of friendship stay.

TO A FRIEND.

Fine is the Spirit,
 And grand is the mood;
 Never to fear it,
 Or lack gratitude;
 Such is thy merit.

GRANT AT MT. MCGREGOR.

Old Lion-Heart at McGregor,
Was nearing his end that night;
That sturdy blue-eyed Hero,
Of many a well-fought fight!
With his left he held grim Death at bay,
And with the other hand did write
The record of his long campaign,
That the Whole Land should be one again.
Then as the last, last chapter's done,
He closes his eyes, the goal is won.
Great in battle as History saith;
Greatest at Appamattox, and in the hour of death.

THE KING OF THE COW BOYS

O Jack was the King of the Cow Boys—
When I was out at Dodge ; ;
He was known from San Antone to Butte,
From Denver to Medicine Lodge.
He could throw a rope
With skill superb,
He could tame the fiery steed,
With the wildest he could quickly cope ;
And he was a friend indeed.
'Twas a stunning, stunning black
Broncho, dear old Jack
Did ride on that August day.
And the boys were glad to see him back
'Twas a regular holiday.
His sweeping, broad sombrero.
Was a dream—a marvel, boys!

And his great gauntlets, so gay and fine
 And that rainbow kerchief about his neck
 As he rode down the line.
 His high-heeled boots did glisten,
 And his spurs did jingle then,
 As he in his leather breeches rode
 The handsomest of men.
 His belt it bore two Colts or more,
 And though Jack only rarely swore
 When he sailed in;
 There was a din,
 As never once before.
 His yellow slicker and clean coat
 At his saddle neatly hung,
 Riding up that lively street,
 Sound of limb and lung.
 His blue shirt was a beauty;
 His teeth were fine and white;
 He was ever on his duty,
 And never afraid to fight.
 His hands so strong and handsome;
 His eyes they said "Beware"!

"Don't fool with me—O Stranger—
 I'm ready to do and dare."
 And Maud from Mississippi
 And Sal from Frisco fair,
 Thought Jack the easiest rider
 Of all the Cow Boys there.
 He could take a glass of liquor—
 And then could let it be;
 For he never was a slave to drink
 This Cow-Boy bold and free.

Then out from the hotel yonder
 Came the gambler with his gun,
 He was game and he was crafty,
 And then the fun begun.
 "Come on you damned red-headed!
 I'll blow you into hell,"
 And he for Jack then started,
 And chaos came pell mell.
 Then Jack he rode like a whirlwind,
 Up that dusty, crowded street;
 For a grittier lad you will never find,
 Or a harder one to beat.
 And a lively-lively fusilade,
 From his gleaming Colts then came,
 While the crowd an opening wide they made,
 As his pistols flash their flame.
 And when Jack saw the gambler wild,
 Who had killed Jack's Pard last week,
 He filled him full of lead—my child—
 This King from Gypsum Creek.
 O Jack was the King of the Cow Boys!
 Now he has a ranch of his own.
 And on the rippling Kiowa—
 His brand it is well known.
 A bar and then a circle
 And then another bar.
 There is a brand I tell you
 That none dare ever mar.
 His cattle large, and fat, and sleek
 Can't be beat from Butte to San Antone.

* * * *

Jack married San Francisco Sal—
 She makes his bread and pies;

While three lively boys, and a little gal
 Have their Father's laughing eyes.
 They are peart and they are handsome,
 And tanned 'neath that Western sun,
 While Jack and I are comrades still
 And till life's last day is done.

THE IMMORTELLE.

This delicate white wee blossom,
 With its center of pure gold—
 Is a Hope of The Resurrection,
 That the Past, and Present hold.
 It speaks of a pure devotion,
 To the Maker in the skies;
 As fadeless as The Asphodel—
 And a blessing to the wise.
 So we wreathe, our dear departed,
 With these immortal flowers,
 To cheer the broken-hearted,
 Who have known happier hours;
 For only a time are we parted,
 From those friends, so true of ours.

THE KANSAS PRAIRIE LARK.

Blithe yellow breasted prairie lark!
 November winds may chill and pierce;
 Spellbound, the lorn and careworn hark
 Till quite forgot the blast so fierce.

Choosing from countless themes thy text;
 "All anxious thought forbear ye vex.
 The Guardian Genius of this sphere
 Will make the cloudy vision clear."

Sweet singer of this Western slope
 From frosty morn till starlit eve,
 Thy notes, the accent of our hope
 Have put to flight all thoughts that grieve.

No travesty of sacred theme,
 Thy glad Te Deum thrills with praise,
 The bright ideal of a dream,
 Breathes, moves, and whispers through thy lays.

Clear spirit echoes wake with thee,
 And sordid schemes ashamed flee;
 Thy song shall cheer our hours of toil,
 And calm life's current if it rail.

Glad Archer! dauntless prairie lark,
 Thy shaft of song hath hit the mark.
 Singing for love and not for hire,
 Thy carol soars above the choir.

Who taught thee that rare song and true?
 A melody forever new,
 A tone so pure, so sweet a trill,
 When love kens love, where will weds will.

Sing on, brave Voice! Sing on for aye,
 Nor change thy cheerful tones bright fay.
 Despair will die of mute chagrin
 When thou thy warble dost begin.

A SECOND HERCULES

Sergeant Hercules Korges, Company L, 23rd Infantry.

I.

What a kindly face that youth from Lynn,
In that splendid company "L"
A twinkle in his eye, that doth win,
Friends that would follow him to the hell.
Of the World's Great Conflict for the Truth,
Fought by America's ardent youth.

II.

O who ever heard of such a scheme?
As this Lynn youth in France did dream.
He deserted to the German Camp,
As the nightfall's dews fell thick and damp.
"No more of the Allies now for me"
"For I am the friend of Germany"
"I know where their line is weak and thin";
He said with an emphatic grin.
"Pick a company of tried men and true;
And there to that spot will I lead you."
So the Germans trusted this gay young Greek,
Who did their welfare and victory seek;
And when the nightfall came again,
Hercules Korges, led those men,
Two hundred and fifty-six, I ween,
In the darkness through the dark ravine;
He led them well, and he led them true,
To where the Yankees were he knew;
And when he had reached the place he sought,
The ambushed Germans he had caught.
"You are my prisoners now! you be!"
This blithe and wily Grecian, he,
Then said to the consternated Huns,
As they stacked there their swords and guns!

III

It reminds us of renowned Ulysses,
 This canny Korges, a second Hercules!
 Who was welcomed at the city of Lynn,
 With music, merriment and din,
 And given the City's Keys to hold,
 For his wondrous Deeds and manifold.
 And "Old Camp Devens" gave Korges a Day,
 And a night that will ever, ever stay,
 In the memory of mortal man;
 Of this daring Greek and his wondrous plan.
 And as you shall Time's pages scan,
 You will find that Fame has writ his name,
 In letters of light and living flame!

TODAY.

Do all the good you can today,
 Tomorrow is so far away—
 And gone is Golden Yesterday
 For e'er and aye!
 Be wise Today.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS.

Ready when the signal sounds,
 See how each man swiftly bounds!
 And they are well up the street
 Ere you can, a score repeat.
 Danger threatens to inspire
 All the men who fight the fire.

When the world is fast asleep
 They, their vigil watchful keep
 At the silent midnight hour
 Lest the Fire-Fiend rise in power.
 Let these Heroes have your prayers;
 Who meet danger unawares.

You and I lie down to sleep
 Knowing they, their vigil keep,
 'T is a noble calling sure,
 And while courage shall endure,
 Will The Fireman ever be
 As a guardian—bold and free!

COUSIN BIJE.

Always ready to oblige
 Is Cousin Bijé.
 "Will you stop up at the store
 For a sack of flour, and two jars more?
 And, Bijé, don't forget
 To have them put it on the score."
 And when a neighbor's sick,
 Then Bijé
 Has a chance to sit up for a night or so,
 Really, I can see his wings a grow!
 For he never, never gets in a pet
 Not yet,
 Does Bijé.

THAT PITCHER.

The day was over and supper done,
 At uncle L's upon the street,
 "A pitcher of cider, would be a treat"
 Aunt Maria, she did say;

So with pitcher and candle, uncle L
 Started down those cellar stairs.
 He missed his footing unawares,
 Landing on the cellar-floor pell mell;
 "Mr. Chapin" then the good wife said;
 From the top of those steep cellar-stairs;
 "Did you break that pitcher?"
 Then Uncle L, he quick up flares:
 "Gol darn it—I didn't, but I will"
 And right agin that cellar wall
 She heard the broken pitcher fall,
 And I can also, hear it still;
 The good old cider-days are gone,
 And other folk at the homestead live;
 The fence has vanished from the lawn;
 But still the brook its tide doth give.
 Kind Uncle L has joined the just
 And Aunt Maria she went fust;
 Good folk both in their own good way
 And Uncle, The gayest of the gay.

THE NOBLE THREE.

There's Greeley, Bowles and Bryant,
 A group of fearless men,
 When error grew defiant,
 Each hero grasped his pen.

They were Knights of Freedom ever,
 With an ardent love of Truth,
 And they live in Fame forever,
 Bright examplars to our youth!

Let those who would champion Labor,
 And women, child, and man,
 Be as true to Friend and Neighbor,
 As the Three, we here do scan.

YOUNG AMERICA IN GREEK COSTUME.

(April 13th, 1919. Holyoke City Hall.)

Three lads in Greek attire arrayed,
 And a lovely little maid;
 There they had an honored part,
 Pleading for that Land of Art,
 Long by Moslem hate so wronged.
 They, who to the World belonged,
 Now look forward to a day
 When the Truth shall have full sway.
 Happy children! May you be
 Messengers of Liberty
 From the Isles of Hellas fair,
 Where the souls so great and rare,
 'Neath those bright, consummate skies,
 Wisdom loved that never dies;
 And in this free western clime,
 Live your lives of Love sublime!

ADELE.

Fair the girl with tresses rare,
 And the sunbeams glistened there;
 In the Home of Gotham's Isle
 Fair the girl, and bright her smile.

Graceful as a Fairy Fay!
 Open, radiant as the day;
 As she came to Womanhood
 Death's white Angel near her stood.

"Come," he said, "to Paradise,"
 "Earth is not the place for you";
 And he parted wide the skies,
 And she vanished from our view!

Still her brother knows the worth
 Of the treasure lost from earth;
 Waits and watches for the day
 She will beckon him away!

TO YOUNG AMERICA.

Then, ever be true
 To the Red, White and Blue;
 While the stars shed their light,
 And the night brings the dew;
 Do your duty alway,
 For your God and your Land;
 Whose glory shall stay,
 While the mountains shall stand!

A SCHOOLMATE.

Thy radiant beauty did adorn,
 Mocking the glory of the Morn!
 With thee, I never was forlorn.
 So shall thou ever, ever be,
 An inspiring memory,
 Of pure love and liberty.
 Thy cheeks, were crimson as the rose,
 Thy eyes, did purity disclose,
 And with thy charm, the bright Past glows.

UNION SQUARE.

In Union Square
The fountain plays,
The lilies float so fair,
The sparrow sprays
His mate so blithe,
The children gaze;
Time with his scythe,
He also stays
At Union Square.

The buildings loom.
Above the square;
But ne'er is gloom,
At nightfall there;
The lights shine bright,
The children still
Find fresh delight
At music's thrill, on Union Square.

MY OLDEST.

He was born in "Good Old Dixie"
Near the Oklahoma line
And he came in gracious April,
A gift from Heaven benign.
And the meadow lark sang sweetly
Upon that sunny morn,
For a comrade and a lover
Had the eve before been born.
Since then, he has come Northward,
But some future day, I hope
He will visit his bright birthplace
Upon that Kansas slope.

Where the meadow larks sing sweetly,
 And the skies in beauty bend,
 And in poverty or plenty,
 Man lacketh ne'er a friend.

COMRADES.

I have rowed with them on Connecticut,
 On the Harlem's salty tide;
 On Rockland Lake, where the lilies grow;
 And many a stream beside.
 With some on the lordly Hudson;
 On the Kennebunk River blue;
 With some on the Winding Wabash,
 And on the Vermillion too;
 Where Potomac glideth to the sea,
 And streams where the herons rest;
 And they are all right dear to me,
 And all of the very best.
 Young and fair and forever,
 In radiant memory;
 Comrades and Friends, that never,
 Shall cease to valued be.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARRET.

By W. K. P.

That dear old-fashioned garret,
 I never can forget;
 It's haunted, cobwebbed chambers,
 And scent of mignonette;
 My grandsire's leather saddle bags,
 And great coat hang there yet.


On rainy days, we children
There held high carnival,
And dressed in moth-worn garments,
Held an impromptu ball,
Waking the old-time echoes
From roof tree, and from wall.

Naught could daunt our gay young hearts,
E'en ghosts were welcome there,
Where relics from Noah's ark
And a cane bottomed chair
Dame Rumor claimed that Adam
Made for Eve in Eden fair.

O region where oblivion
Is quite content to reign,
To lift thy magic curtain
The faithful heart is fain,
Though scattered it's gay circle
From Oregon to Maine.

Those musty chests and presses
Crammed full of bric-a-brac
And bundles of love letters
That bring the vanished back,
What rare old hiding-places,
And relics quaint, no lack.

Tomes dusty and abandoned
Unto the tooth of Time,
Treating of blue theology,
Of the healing art sublime;
And laws that once were honored
When Penn was in his prime.



Old spinning wheels and warming pans
 Were lying cheek by jowl,
 With plumes some brave young warrior
 Had worn when they were whole,
 And in the oaken physic chest
 A treatise on the soul.

Such queer blue China dishes
 And candlesticks so grim,
 Telling of festive tables
 That they had helped to trim,
 But now alack were empty
 Battered and stained and dim.

A telescope still mounted
 Made by a bright-eyed youth,
 Of odds and ends of wire and lens,
 And screws, and tubes forsooth,
 Through which the moons of Saturn,
 Were seen, and of a truth.

Brass andirons, tongs, and shovel,
 Still shining in their state,
 And leaky, leathern bellows,
 Of ancient unknown date,
 While on the antique dresser,
 The stolid, pewter plate.

Neat copy books unblotted,
 Of generations four;
 And coffin plates atarnished,
 At least an even score;
 But richest of all relics,
 The Diary's quaint lore.

Dangling from one dark rafter
 A great, fantastic bonnet,
 Our fair ancestress wore,
 Theme for a Lowell's sonnet,
 The children could but wonder,
 Just how she used to don it.

Great files of old-time papers
 With comments sage and terse,
 Knives, forks, and spoons, of pewter,
 From good days bound to worse;
 And embalmed among the rafters
 The Village rhymster's verse.

Those jocund, jingling sleighbells
 What famous rides they ring;
 When o'er the icy meadows
 The courser's hoofbeats fling
 Tumultuously, the snow spray
 While blithe the rowers sing.

A rusty Queen Anne musket
 That laid the hireling low,
 Suspended in one corner,
 While the fiddle just below,
 Was awaiting a musician,
 Who could Yankee Doodle bow.

Forlorn and faded posies
 Quite turned to dust again,
 And a loveknot of white ribbon
 Fair Barbara gave her Ben
 When he started off for Boston
 To fight the red-coat men.

Through weather-beaten windows
The sunlight sent its ray
To light the vasty spaces,
And chase the gloom away;
Yet had to rest contented
To share with dark, its sway.

The elm tree's tossing branches
Beating upon the roof,
The red breast and the oriole
Singing, wove warp and woof,
In those light-limbs aswaying
They could not live aloof.

In Springtime fair the lilacs
Breathed perfume on the air;
And the squirrel in the maples
Made his headquarters there,
And perked his head and chattered
As if our glee to share.

That mighty, massive chimney
Round which the house was built,
About its smoky summit,
The swallows used to tilt;
And great fires roared through all its flues,
When winter snows were spilt.

That low, red wooden cradle
Oft sheltering a child,
Whose way thereafter westward
Led through the forest wild,
Sweet "Bonnie Doon" it echoes,
And mother tones most mild.

Styles change, but human nature
Is just the same, as when,
Years since the roving Red man
Our Sires drove from the glen,
Building this mighty Nation
Those wise, far-sighted men.

Those daring wives and mothers,
Whose graces and high aims
Our low attainments shaming,
Who bear their honored names,
Their zeal rebukes our coldness,
Their faith, uplifts, inflames.

Musing among the ruins
Of home life vanished long,
With all these mute memorials
Awaiting this brief song,
Do you wonder eyes grew misty,
While trooped the ghosts along?

Farewell, O haunted garret
With all thy memories sweet!
Long let thy chambers echo
The sound of children's feet;
Long be thy darkened rafters,
A rainy day's retreat.

JIM.

Grizzled and gray, and grim,
Is Jim.
And tough, I swan, ez a hickry limb,
But though he ain't quite orthodox,
His heart is big ez that of an ox.

Some say that Jim is all-fired queer,
 But when you're in trouble, for Jim you steer,
 And his kindly look, and sympathy
 Help a feller, mightily.

Grizzled and gray, and grim,

Is Jim.

But who is kind to the kids ez him?
 Nary a nuther this is straight!
 And though he sometimes goes it-blind,
 I'd like at the end of life, to find,
 Ez warm a welcome at Heaven's gate
 From the children who will his coming wait,
 Ez they cry: "O Jim you're awful late!"
 Grizzled and gray, and grim,

Is Jim.

And tough I swan, ez a hick'ry limb.
 But the kids are always in the swim
 When they can jest indulge each whim
 With Jim.

JOSEPHUS JONES.

"I ain't much on religion,"
 Said old Josephus Jones;
 "But I really-truly reckon
 The Great Almighty owns
 This universe we live within,
 And all its kings and thrones."

"I hate my enemies like sin,"
 Said Josephus unto me;
 "But, really, God He made 'em,
 So I'd better let 'em be.
 For His eternal judgement,
 We all need His charity!"

BELGIUM.

Belgium! Thou bulwark in the Hour
When dark the clouds of War did lower;
May Time bring thee perpetual peace,
And World-Wide Love, that shall not cease.
May all thy untold sacrifice,
Be honored by the God of Love,
Who reigns in blissful Paradise,
And here, where once His steps did rove!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

The great Theodore lay dying!
The Nation scarcely knew,
He, at that portal lying,
That opens on the Blue!
A great arch-angel waiting,
To lift the dying soul,
And him, while consolating,
To carry to the Goal.
So, he who far had traveled
Upon this wondrous sphere,
Has now that dream unraveled,
That often haunted here.
For he has joined a hero host,
Who have on earth been tried,
And on that Beatific Coast,
Has met the Crucified!

PERSHING'S BAND

In early June in our Court Square
We heard the golden trumpets call;
The youths so young were veterans all,
From Fields in Europe, where they dare
To face Death in a thousand forms.
They played with emphasis, elan,
Preserved by Heaven from all War's storms.
Long may they live to play for man!
We heard well pleased old "Dixie" rare,
And "Over There" still had its thrill;
While "The Star Spangled Banner" still
Ever a song beyond compare.
Blow! Bugles Blow! neath azure Skies
And voice the hope that never dies!

* * *

Still stands the tower that guards the Square;
The poplars and the elms are there,
The roll of honor doth attest
Springfield gave of her very best,
And girls and boys, pause in their play,
To read the names that live alway.
The monuments as sentries stand
Of millennium's morning land.
Blow! Bugles, Blow! your stirring blast!
We hear the heroes of the past
Call to the heroes of To-day
Whom Victory crowns with fadeless bay.
Roll, Drums, and Golden Trumpets, sound
A requiem for the Dead, profound;
While from the towering Campanile
The chimes, the flight of time reveal.

PART II.

BY ERNEST FANOS

OLD GLORY.

My Red stands for the red blood of free men;
My Blue for azure skies, o'er a land of Liberty;
(Not for the blue blood of Aristocrats vain).
And my White, for noble Ideals and Purity.

My Firmament of Stars, in number forty-eight,
Stands for a Union, that a World admires,
As the deed of Sages and Patriots great,
Whom Heroes of today, call their "August Sires!"

I am the thunder of Tradition, the lightning of Thrill;
I am the Banner that never knew defeat;
I've triumphed over ev'ry Bunker Hill,
And over every proud Despot's fleet.

And though o'er a palace of a king or sovereign,
I do not wave, still men of every land,
Cling to my folds, and acclaim my reign,
And stand faithfully, for what I stand!

I am the lofty symbol of Pershing's brave,
In a purging Armageddon for Democracy;
And, though I've covered many a hero's grave,
Still I saved Mankind from Tyranny!

I am "Dear Old Glory" of the Noble and Free;
 In times of Peace and in times of War,
 And if there's, or there's not a "Millenium to be,"
 I stand now and ever, for what I stood before!

THE YANKEE MOOD.

On bushes green, the dew reposes,
 In star-lit drops of diamond;
 The orchard scents with fragrant roses,
 That odor the Zephyr, this evening of June;
 The moon reflects the placid pond;
 Night birds set on their mystic tune,
 And Uncle Joe vies with them in merriment,
 On his banjo, in tones that the firmament,
 Seem to lower, and stir the thrill,
 Of thousand memories, that lay still!
 And Phantoms benign, of days of old,
 Are here, this imposing fete, to behold!
 On with the melody, that stirs the thrill,
 Ere the Phantoms vanish in the gurgling rill!
 The evening's but short, and rare is its bliss,
 The tremor in Uncle Joe's tune, we can not miss!
 On with the Music, touch the strings that sigh,
 Ere the blush of Morn, ere our tears are dry!

PRIVATE DILVOY FROM BOSTON.

(Killed in action, in France. Awarded the Congressional Medal for extraordinary bravery, July 1918.)

I.

In sea-girt Smyrna, that Sappho, sang shrill,
 In fiery tones whose grandeur still does smother,
 Dilvoy was born, from a Grecian mother,
 And a Patriot Greek, whom Freedom did thrill.

The Dilvoys won't stand for no Tyrant's yoke,
 So, they sailed from Smyrna, and in due time,
 They landed at Boston, 'mongst kind folk,
 Where Justice and Liberty reign sublime!

II.

Private Dilvoy, from Boston blest,
 Did fight most bravely against the Hun;
 His wasn't a task of greed and quest,
 But a mission noble and clean as the sun.

A deed of valor, was to him a trance,
 That, constantly thrilled his manly heart;
 His was a dream to avenge dear France,
 That lay mangling, particle and part!

O Martyred France! thou didst arouse
 A World's compassion, and Heroes in lines,
 Thy call did answer, thy cause did espouse,
 And drove the barbarous off thy holy confines!

III.

The clouds of battle began to lower,
 At hilly Soissons and blood-flooded;
 And now cannon alone counted, and power,
 And gallantry supreme of men red-blooded.

What a slaughter was that, what a pitched battle!
 A terrible combat, a man to man fight;
 —Shells and shots did burst and rattle,
 Amid the smoke and the darkness of night.

O memorable night! in that deadly field,
 Why the Captain, was heard to cry:
 "Courage Boys! our honor we must shield,
 Even all of us if we should die"!

**"We've been cut off, and now the Huns,
Are aiming at us, now, who will,
Volunteer to silence their machine guns,
And save the night and capture the hill?"**

**A deed of valor, his heart did thrill;
So, Private Dilvoy, forward leaps
To silence the guns and capture the hill,
Amidst the dying and bleeding in heaps.**

**Fortune, the brave, does help, always,
So, on crawls Dilvoy, from Boston blest;
His musket kills, and his bayonet slays
Awe-stricken gunners, and scatters the rest.**

**Courage high's on his rosy face,
Grim is his resolve and knows no bounds;
On crawls Dilvoy, in his foe-killing race,
Though his leg's shot off, and bleed his wounds.**

**Each gun is silent, the hill's taken at last!
But the clang of his bayonet, is not heard now,
The hero and his deed are myths of the past;
For, Death has sealed his manly brow!**

IV.

**In far off France, lies Dilvoy blest!
But near the heart of red-blooded men;
His was'nt a task, of greed or quest,
But a noble sacrifice not made in vain!**

VERITAS SACRA.

Let the Atheist e'er deny
God, with ostentation ;
Surely his atheism will prove
A block to his salvation !
Let the world's kings pique
Themselves, on their crowns,
And erect their so called trophies,
Upon ruined cities and towns !
And in apparent achievements
Full of blast and worry,
Let them pursue their happiness,
And their iniquitous glory.
For, only the just and humble-minded,
Before God shall be glorified !
Let the fastidious rich, themselves
On their treasure, pride ;
Let them seek true liberty
In their feigned amenity ;
For, they never knew the poor's
Inward serenity !
And, let us, with aught we have,
And what our beings uplifts,
Be content, and enjoy our God's,
Benediction, and Nature's gifts !

THE DISINHERITED.

Of Seneca's insurgent spirit,
A flash, most opportune,
Or a sob of Poe's if I borrow,
To bemoan you, O victims of Fortune,

That it shall enlighten your benighted,
Souls, or change your fate;
Who can tell me, or that my compassion,
By an ounce your load shall abate?

Save our Lord's solemn promise,
Through His Lips to all Mankind;
That He has for you too, O Disinherited!
A well-disposed mind!

And so cry with the Evangelist,
"Ye tired and hopeless, hark my call;
"Come to me, and put on my yoke,
And I will encourage you all"!

"And learn ye, in addition, that modest,
In my heart I am and meek,"
"In me you shall find for your souls,
The rest that you ardently seek"!

BE FAITHFUL TO ME.

Be always faithful to me, my dear,
To my soul's prayer don't turn a deaf ear.
For there is no greater sin above:
Unfaithfulness to each other's love!

Be faithful to me, maid of mine;
If you shun my love, you are shunning sunshine!
To stifle the passion of your heart don't assay;
Come to me, instead of going astray!

Be always faithful to me, my fair,
For the load of loneliness, how can I bear?
I'd rather lack in patience and wisdom
Than suffer the loneliness' martyrdom!

Be faithful to me, my haughty miss,
If you scorn my calling, you are scorning bliss!
Come and be mine, my maiden fair,
For the load of loneliness I cannot bear!

BRAGGY AND BILL.

I remember, when I was a schoolboy,
Braggy thought he bossed the class,
And so, many a time, we used to enjoy
Braggy making himself an ass.

For Braggy could swim, and play ball and golf.
He could fight and wrestle, was strong and shaggy;
He could see like an eagle, and hear like a wolf,
So we had given him the nickname "Braggy."

One day, at dusk, we went for a dive
At Blakeslee's lake, in "Devil's Pool,"
Where Fred had drowned, and didn't revive,
For that darned pool "does not fool."

We're recalling the scene, when Braggy to prove
That he could do better than Fred, "in that pool"?
He warmly exclaimed, and right in he dove;
But they found him later, dead and cool.

Thus ended Braggy, and I do not still
Feel sorry over the loss at all,
But the incident reminds me of German Bill,
Who, like Braggy, knew and could do it all!

For, the papers said, Bill could write,
 He could draw, and fight, was a "kultured" man;
 He believed in the right of terror and might,
 So, sensible people called him CHARLATAN!

Like a charlatan, then, ended the Hun,
 In trying to boss every town and city;
 And there is not a soul under the sun,
 That has for Bill a word of pity!

YOU AND THE MAY.

Of March a day it was, and all alone
 At a sunny place, upon a stone
 I was sitting. The snow was still
 Unmelted, and glittering on the hill,
 All the trees and bushes were bare,
 The birds and their songs very rare.
 Thus all them seeing, I ceased to be gay
 And deeply I longed for the beautiful May
 With its fragrant roses, the love and delight,
 When all of a sudden, to my tired sight
 You appeared coming towards my place
 As ever sweet and dewy, with a youthful pace.
 And as you were passing before me,
 And you took the pudor's color, a red rosary,
 I thought I saw, flourishing duly
 On your cheeks and lips, that I swear truly,
 In you my bashful lady, the beaming like a day,
 The month I had been longing for, I thought I saw,
 The May.

A WINTER'S MIDNIGHT IN THE PYRENEES.

The Night's opaque veil is spread across the Infinite.
Proud and snowy the Pyrenees reflect the yellowish
sky,

I hear not a roar of a lion wandering in the forest;
Nor a ghastful ode of a howlet from a naked, bush
and dry,

Nor a herdsboy's flute, or a bellowing from the village's
pinfold,

All souled and soulless are fast asleep, save the torrent
beneath;

And the raging Northern Winds that one is wont to
think in terror

Lest their unrelenting blows have frozen all to death!

OUR PRESIDENT.

Hail the Chief! the statesman and sage,
Whose ardent love for Liberty,
Has winged the moral of our age,
And inspired the course of humanity.

Hail the Chief! who set up a throne
For noble ideals and virtues not vain;
That thrilled warm hearts and hearts of stone,
To deeds of valor and deeds of men.

Hail the Chief! of late appeased;
Now that the worry of a World has ceased!
His are the thanks that freed slaves bring;
The hymn of praise that Muses sing.

Hail the Chief! that led us to fight
So that innocent children may not be slain;
So that true fellowship, peace and right
May reign over the earth again.



GLORIA, VOSTRA EST. (July, 1918.)

Yours is the glory, my Motherland,
 When you draw your sword with a righteous hand!
 And flee the Teutons, the Barbarians tremble,
 As your mythic sons in ranks assemble.

Cradle of Liberty, your wrath is the grave
 Of Despots exultant, and Oppressors knave;
 Yours is the glory when Tyranny falls,
 As your stirring voice to arms, to arms, calls.

Yours is the glory. Your trophies stand
 As triumphs eternal on sea and land,
 Resplendent grandeur through the lapse of time,
 Your Patriots true, and your Heroes sublime.

And Pride unfading, their deeds of renown;
 In History's Bibles, that are written down!
 Yours is the glory that Bards sang, shrill,
 In songs that arouse and hymns that thrill.

THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

At a country fair, there was a buffoon,
 Who, by imitating the animals' cries
 Made the people laugh, and as soon
 As he finished off, in the most exact wise
 As that of a pig, squeaking, spectators all
 Thought a concealed porker, around him, he had.
 But a countryman who stood by, "do you call
 That a pig's squeak? Nothing like it," he said;
 And till tomorrow, if you give to me,
 I will show you how it ought to be!"

The audience laughed, but sure in his stead,
 On the stage appeared the countryman, next day;
 And so hideously he squealed, his head putting down,
 That all spectators called him a clown;
 And threw stones on him, with the obvious scope,
 To force his squealing at once to stop.
 "You fools," then he cried, "what you hissed, see!"
 And a little pig he held up, whose ear pinched he,
 To make him utter his unwelcome squeals.

The fable is true and old as Adam and Eve;
 For, because Real Value itself conceals,
 We, mortals, are inclined, often to believe,
 In its imitation, and its forged guise,
 In order to live content and seemingly wise!

THE TEMPEST.

On the rising ocean, the clouds lower;
 A fearful omen for the ships that roam;
 The winds blow fierce, and heavy is the shower,
 That breaks against the billows that foam;
 The misty gloom's spread, not a ray of light,
 One thinks the Atlantic has vanished from sight;
 Ahoy! a-mast, a-ridgepole hover,
 What fear ye, cowards? Soon the storm'll be over.
 But blow a-stern, and a smash a-side,
 And masts and men are wrecks on the tide!
 Brave Captain Yorke, in that raging storm,
 Weird are his movements and wild is his form.
 Ahoy! Help! But stifled is his cry,
 'Mid the roaring eloquence of sea and of sky;
 Ahoy! The Captain with the tempest fell in strife,
 Clung to a plank of his own ship, to save his life!

THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A senseless kid once, sitting on a straw
 On the top of a house in the village, as he saw
 A wolf that passing was, under him,
 Began to sneer at him and revile with whim.
 "Murderer," he cried, "thief and clown,
 What are you doing, these folks' house near?
 And how do you dare even to appear
 Here, where your vile deeds are known?"
 To him, then answering, his head turned up
 The wolf, and said: "It is not you, I know
 Who sneers and reviles me, Oh, no!
 But, curse away, your high top!"
 This fable is true, with Human Race;
 For amongst us, base, grow too, who when
 Time or circumstance permits it, or place,
 Will always revile, their better men.

THE ASS AND THE LION'S SKIN.

A lion's skin, an ass once found
 Which some hunters, at a sunny place
 Had left it to dry. And putting it on,
 Towards the village he directed his pace.
 Both, all inhabitants and animals, too,
 At his approach, of course all fled;
 And so, dominator, the ass, and proud,
 A "Lion's Glory" that day had!
 But in his delight, he lifted up his voice
 And brayed...but then ev'ry one knew
 Who he was...and his owner, angry,
 Came up and gave him, a cudgeling, due
 To the breach and fright that the ass had caused!

And shortly after, came a fox who "your noise
 Cannot frighten," he said, "no soul more,
 For we knew you, O ass, by your voice!"
 For, if it is possible, that fine clothes,
 Properly may a fool disguise,
 Still his unfitting and silly words
 Will disclose him, likewise!

THE SEXTON.

The cemetery's strange loneliness,
 Has chained his liberty,
 And the daily scenes of affliction,
 Deprived him of his gaiety!
 As if he belonged to some other world,
 Void of care and hope,
 The sexton passed the narrow road
 Of his life's monotonous scope!
 As happeningless was his youth,
 So is his old age, too;
 And a remembrance sweet, or bitter,
 Has nothing with him to do!
 Still, when his all-white hair
 He observes, a remembrance tender
 Does stir him, for he also has
 A soul, to God to surrender!

EPITAPHS.

TO A USURER.

Here lies a usurer, who during his stay
 On earth, the poor in scores, he did flay;
 And, having finished the flayings, he saved the skins,

And, stowing in them, all his perjuries and sins.
 When his hour struck, to his Master his soul gave,
 And, hopeful he and gay, departed to his grave,
 To find thither and join once more,
 The poor that he had flayed on earth before,
 In order to free himself from his punishable sins,
 By lending to them, the rascal, their own skins!

TO A DRUNKARD.

Here a drunkard is interred as safely as in a snare,
 Who, having drunk to satiety, all drinks, common and
 rare,
 And finding no further pleasure, he resolved to death
 Himself to submit, and so, to Him he gave his breath,
 In order, the capricious, his whim to satisfy,
 By drinking the "cup" of Death, as he would die!

TO AN UPSTART.

Here an upstart from time is laid,
 Who used to constantly all those upbraid
 Who had not even for money a lust,
 And said for each one of them, lo! a soulless dust!
 But now in dust he lies, and can not arise,
 No matter his "ability" and his being wise!
 And beneath the earth where he lies now,
 Nothing else worries him, nothing furrows his brow,
 Save the thought that his "rivals" he had to bid fare-
 well,
 Before he could entirely, his soul to money sell!

TO A SOCIALIST.

Here is laid a Socialist
A God's poor creature,
Whose face fitted as a model
For a meagre caricature;
Who did ungrudgingly suffer
Near-starvation's martyrdom,
And when was exhausted the treasure
Of his patience and wisdom,
Hopeful and joyful his soul
He surrendered to his Creator;
And as he had been a good man
And never to his "principles" traitor,
He resolved to leave for his grave,
Thinking, in his frugality
That he'd enjoy in that other Planet
The ideal Equality!
For, as he didn't know, that
In that other Planet, men lived too,
The dolt judged other people
By his Socialistic points of view!

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

Proud and moonlight crowned,
The trees in the forest stand,
Like some supernatural giants
Of the fables of Grecian Land.
While the rill is murmuring,
And zephyrs blow, refining,
And the howlet's dolefully singing
From a bush, and whining.

MARY, OF PINE GROVE.

A marvel of beauty and grace,
Is Mary of Pine Grove.
A lily-made maiden,
And chaste like a dove.

Her perfect head of Juno,
With tresses fair and fine,
Her eyebrows crayon-drawn,
And her eyes of blue and sunshine!

Her cheeks of velvet rare,
Carressed by stray curls,
Her lips of coral, that smile
And reveal two rows of pearls.

Her neck of the swan, and her breast,
Of the partridge, rich and mature;
Rosy-fingered like the dawn,
And sculptural is her stature!

And dewy like a morn of June,
And like a zephyr, sweet,
A marvel, she is, of beauty,
Amongst her sex, discreet!

Oh, bless that lovely maiden,
Mary, of Pine Grove!
Whom Nature gifted so rarely.
And God, with a heart to love!

THE RETURNING CRUSADERS.

Before the cheering mass they march,
The mythic Heroes from U. S. A.
And down under Triumph's Arch,
The Boys that held the Huns at bay!

Oh, the manly tread of Victors' feet,
Who trod in France, in battle assembled,
And where Death and Life meet,
Fired the shots that All Germany trembled!

Oh the drums that beat, the bands that play;
Paeans of to-day and paeans of long ago;
The shell-torn banners that tell the fray;
The guns that roared our cause to the foe!

Before the cheering mass they march,
These welcomed defenders of a new Marathon;
And as they pass under Triumph's Arch,
They feel their task is well won!

Oh the cheers that rise and tell the Deeds,
Of the Brave, Dead and Living, from Freeman's Clime;
Of men and women, of all colors and creeds,
Whose Fame shall challenge the Oncome of Time!

EVE ETERNAL.

Like an angel that arose his Lord to praise,
Eve Eternal you seem,
When at dawn to you my eyes I raise,
And dreams of you I dream.

A priceless blessing to virtuous and vile,
I fancy you a chaste dove,
For my heart feels your goodness when your corals smile,
And inspire life and love.

And when you wander 'mongst roses and musks,
In your Eden-like garden, at peaceful dusks.
You resemble your foremother, Eve the fair,
Who descended on earth, some Adam to ensnare!

THE END.
AUG 1 1920

